

FORD TIMES

SEPTEMBER 1977



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FIESTA

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The Ford Owner's Magazine

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Cover: Ford's new front-wheel-drive Fiesta, already a success in Europe where it was introduced last September, is coming to America. Story begins on page 16. Painting by Max Altekruze.



Mining Happiness in Colorado

A prospector doesn't
have to find
gold to
strike it rich
in this
beautiful land

by Marguerette Gilmore

paintings by John Swatsley

ONE of the joys of my life has been some mining claims up in the Tarryall Mountains northwest of Colorado Springs. Many years ago, six of us staked the claims and we've alternately waxed hot and cold—at times we were all going

to get rich, and then for long spells the claims would lie fallow except for the minimal amount of assessment work that must be done to hold them.

In those first years, we did have wonderful times, all digging and





dreaming and making big plans for spending our fabulous wealth. But we never did uncover a vein of whatever it was we thought would enrich us so greatly. But it's evident to me now we were just unaware of the mines' real worth.

The past few years our group has been scattered and for one reason or another it has been my lot to see that the assessment work is done and properly filed each year. All six want to keep the claims—I'm still excited about them.

Many days during the summer and fall, Tor (my Siberian husky) and I pack a lunch, load pick and shovel, and head for the claims. Since we've never reaped any material gain, I can understand why all the others wax cold most of the time, but none of the others can understand why I've rarely been cool about those claims.

It may be that I'm an incurable dreamer but I choose to believe I've struck pay dirt—enough to make me a multimillionaire.

We drive something like 40 miles from home to the claims—Tor hanging out a window drawing in great breaths of fresh dog and horse fragrances from each little town, ranch or farm we pass. Finally, leaving all towns and houses and chugging upgrade farther into the mountains, I find a cleared-out spot and park my car just beyond the last cattle guard on the logging road that passes the claims—and let Tor out. His big thing is chasing chipmunks into their hiding places and then sniffing and snorting a great deal, pawing and digging and barking—but never, never catching a chipmunk.

I sit for a while and gaze down the miles through Springer Gulch to where the mountains pile and tumble over each other in several layers on the horizon, each layer a different hue—lower ones suffused with a haze, middle ones darker, greener, or on stormy days a cobalt blue, and higher ones topped off

with sunshine so sublime I wonder, "Who needs gold?"

Some days and from some spots we can see all the way to the Continental Divide, a range of foreverness glistening with snow-capped peaks all year long.

This sitting spell takes a while because one should never hurry the soaking of solitude, especially when it's enriched with clarion birdcalls and the clink of cowbells drifting from the open range.

Easy to forget

Then I leave the car, carrying my pick, an apple in my pocket, and slowly ascend a small rise, looking all the while for some stray gem that might have become uncovered during the last shower and now, reflecting sunrays, sparkles expensively from its setting in the weeds and gravel. Our mine does have crystals, mostly quartz. That's what I'm looking for but it's easy to forget and become involved with wild flowers, brighter than amethyst, gathering around my feet.

Or maybe it's a patch of wild strawberries, washed with dew and sweetened with the honey of heaven. I eat them all, ignoring a bluejay coveting his share. Then I wander more. Here there is no time; all is forever and every thought and action is timeless.

I see a toadstool with fantastic design and the color of carnelian, but deadly as a cobra, leaning coyly from under a rock ledge. I sit down



When I was 14 years

and admire it. It's so beautiful and so powerful (one bite could kill me) and yet so fragile I could squash it with one gentle stroke. But I don't. It has the same right to live that I do, especially here.

Finally, I get down to business and begin digging in a spot where I have found crystals before. There is something vitally therapeutic about breaking down the gravel and sand, letting it fall over my knees and spill into little clumps around me. Hours can go by with nothing more happening, and yet happiness, like warm sunshine,

cascades over and through me and I find peace and freedom, the treasures of the soul.

Digging in the soil anyplace has a quality of restoration but here there is an added dimension—a vibrant expectation coursing through the veins. It's called miner's fever. Any pick stroke could bring a shiny crystal streaking through the sand, causing vital juices to stir and churn, elevating the human potential. Even the gravel and sand seem charged with potent vibrations that lift me above the ordinary.

Midas, they say, possessed the art of turning whatever he touched into gold. And right now I'm Midas. I can turn this potential into anything I want, even into a higher level of consciousness. I tell myself that I might even rise high enough to contact my guru, invisible anywhere but here. And I feel certain the benevolent forces are more potent in this locale than in any other in the world.

I doubt that this area, in the calculated 3 million years of humankind, has ever known smog or shortages, and if, in the past, battles or other acts of human unkindness were waged here, the cleansing forces of nature have by this time erased all but the good.

The cherished dreams of long-ago prospectors still hang upon the air, coloring my own dreams, and sometimes I can see their campfires flickering unsteadily in a brisk and chilly night while they talk animat-



edly of gold and radiant gems.

But most of them (I presume), like the other five in our group, missed the real gold and the real gems. They wanted something tangible that they could transmute into happiness by selling, then buying whatever they thought would bring joy.

I wonder about this, and then the answer comes with the next little avalanche of dirt falling and spreading its treasure before me. Almost always there is the reward of a few crystals falling out of the gravel, looking much bigger and shinier than they really are and making my greedier instincts leap with delight.

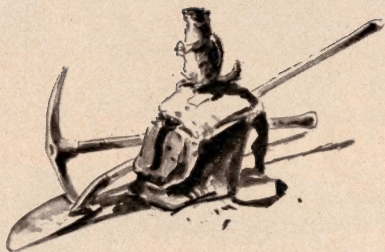
But then, I remind myself (or perhaps my guru reminds me), they are not the reward. They are just a trigger to the reward—the elevated feelings that many generations of prospectors could have mined here.

Unaware of rainstorm

I'm so enthralled I'm not aware a rainstorm has been gathering along the ridge of the mountains and is now almost upon us. With the first thud of thunder, Tor hits the very spot I'm digging and takes refuge under my elbows.

Let one human being threaten my safety and Tor's a dynamo of snarls and flashing teeth, but the natural elements are my department, he thinks—besides, he probably knows I have the car keys.

We make a dash for the car and



leap inside just in time to evade the silver streams that pour before us, erasing the hills and doing a car wash that would put Robo to shame.

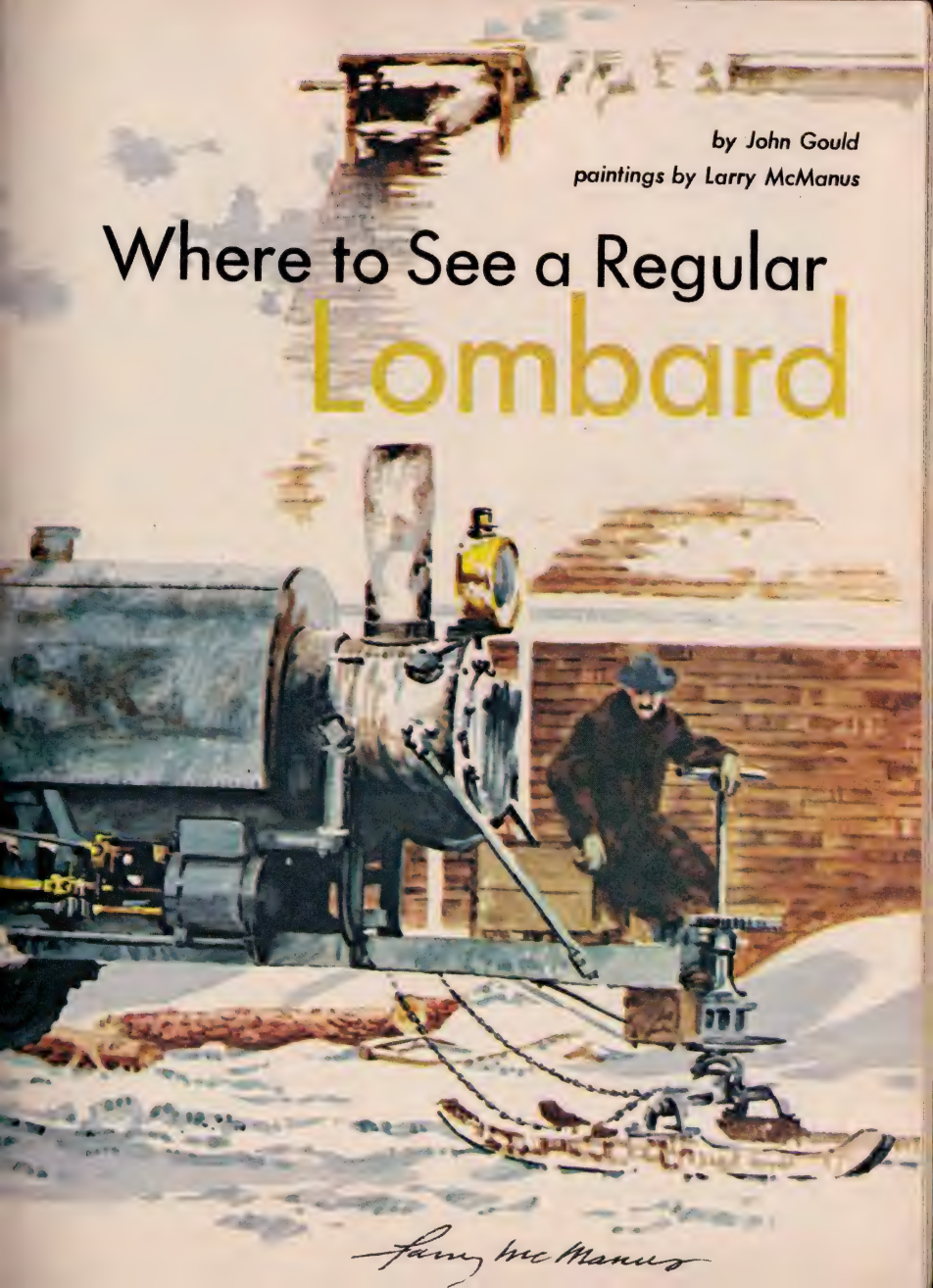
We sit and watch the rain scrubbing the bluffs, polishing leaves and freshening the air. What a marvel of cleaning takes place, and a like one goes on inside me. When the late afternoon sun breaks through, the whole world becomes wildly reckless, tossing jewels to the four winds. You can take all you want for free.

Then, like a huge, bright new penny, the sun begins to slide into its slot behind Badger Mountain. Reluctantly I start the motor. Tor gets set at the window so he won't miss any smells on the way home.

It's been a rich and rewarding day and even though my old prospector's pouch isn't very heavy with what would put gleams in the eyes of the people at the gem and mineral shop, underneath the dirt and mud from head to foot—and gravel in my hair—I'm beaming like a many-faceted diamond.

How much richer can you get? ☐





by John Gould
paintings by Larry McManus

Where to See a Regular Lombard

Larry McManus

IN DOWN-MAINE LINGO, if you want to say a man is big, strong, eager and purposeful, just say, "He's a reg'lar Lombard!" (In Maine, they say *lum-b'd.*) A Lombard was a steam tractor built by the Lombard Machine Works at Waterville, Maine, for hauling long logs out of the forests—a job done in winter on iced runways Mainers called log-hauls. The Lombard was a log-hauler.

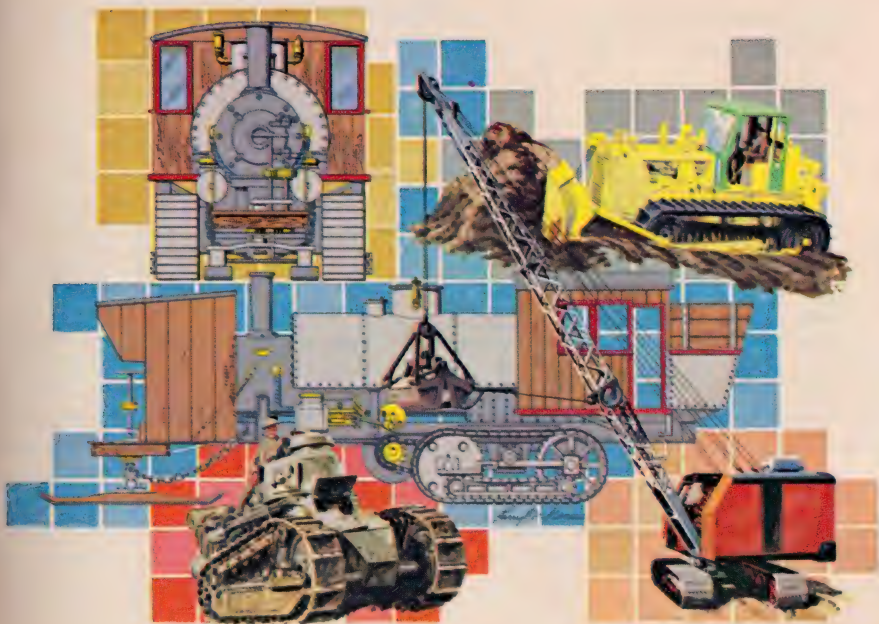
A restored Lombard may be seen at the Lumberman's Museum in Patten, Maine—a 20-ton powerhouse with lines faintly suggesting nothing but a Lombard. There never was anything like a Lombard. It was a clanking, churning, rumbling, belching contraption that supplanted horses, and while it rightfully stands in a timberland museum, its significance is far broader. The Lombard used the cleated tracks that lay themselves down and pick themselves up and are familiar throughout the world today as Caterpillar. Alvin Lombard invented those tracks. He not only put the horse out of business but he opened the door to the development of heavy equipment. Pity that in such a few years there are people in Maine who don't remember why a big man is a *Lombard*.

Alvin's early Lombards, back at the turn of the century, had more bugs than a swamp in June. He worked a lot of them out in his time, and in the late 1920s had converted from steam to internal

combustion—there was one three-cylinder model that burned kerosene. His Lombards clanked into the woods of New Hampshire and Vermont, on into "York State," and into the North Country. They moved, with lumbering, into the Pacific Northwest. They handled mahogany in Africa, rosewood in Brazil, teak in the Orient.

It was on the 15th of September, 1916, that Alvin's traction principle was used on any vehicle other than a Lombard log-hauler. That was the day of the Battle of the Somme. The British had swiped Alvin's tracks and put them on their military tanks, and Lombards literally came out of the woods to confuse the German army. As the Lombard had supplanted horses in the woods, so did the tank supplant them on the battlefield. Since that day, cavalry units have been tank corps. And since that day, Alvin's invention has been in the public domain. The Lombard family tried to protect its interests, but failed. Every bulldozer in the world owes Alvin.

One bug of the early Lombards was steering. Today, cleat-track vehicles are turned by running the lateral lags at differing speeds, but Alvin didn't think of that. He put his lags to the rear, under the engineer's cab, and had a bobsled up front—the bobsled may be loosely compared to the pony-trucks on a railroad engine. A man who had the coldest job in the world

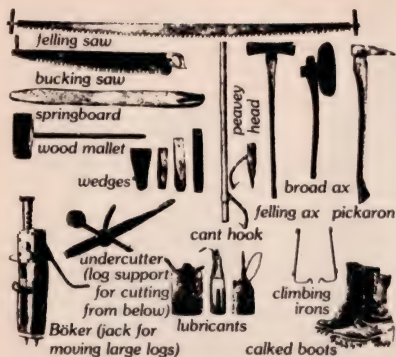


sat “headlight” and steered with a great steel wheel. In 40-below weather, with that ol’ “Montreal Express” roaring down from Quebec, it was not pleasant to sit thus exposed and guide a Lombard down the glare ice of a Maine log-haul.

Thills added to bobsled

Then Alvin put thills on the bobsled and hitched up a horse to turn it. The man still sat up front, but he now had only to handle reins. There were three objections to the horse, one of them esthetic.

It looked ludicrous to see this horse dancing gingerly along on sharp calks, followed by the chuffing Lombard, and then up to 14 huge sleds of long logs—as if the horse were doing all the work. Also the horse frequently suffered burns from hot coals spewed from the Lombard’s smoke stack. (The driver took a few burns, too, until a protective cab was added.) The third objection, and no doubt the most significant, was that lumbering was now back to the pace of a horse, which the Lombard was supposed to supplant.



So Alvin Lombard came up with another invention—power steering. A steam line and small cylinder turned the bobsled. It didn't occur to Alvin to put the controls back in the engineer's cab, so there was still a helmsman on "headlight," but now he had a cab with steam heat.

Another bug was the sled-train the Lombard towed. In earliest lumbering, a single sled was a bobsled, and the butts of logs would be chained up on it so the top ends would drag on the snow. Oxen or horses were the power. When two bobsleds were used together, woodsmen called the rig a two-sled. Now the total log rode off the ground, and horses and oxen were still the power. The two-sled could be a rigid vehicle, or it could be "traverse." Traverse runners had crossed chains connecting the two one-sleds, so on curves the rear would follow the course of the forward. On the log-hauls, where long trains of sleds were

used with Lombards, all the two-sleds had to be traverse, and a train would round a curve just as a railroad train does on the iron.

The Lumberman's Museum at Patten was already a considerable collection, housed in a room to the rear of the memorial library, before a Lombard was found to be added. Lore Rogers and Caleb Scribner, co-founders of the museum, knew from the first they would need a Lombard, but finding one was another matter. Of the 83 Alvin had made, most had been abandoned when timberland operations ended, and had been stripped for scrap metal. The Sherman Lumber Company had one under cover, but some farmer had taken the 60-pound lags to drag around and smooth plowed ground. But it is the traction assembly that makes the Lombard historically important, and a Lombard without lags is a dubious museum piece. Not only dubious, but immobile.

1965 spent combing wilderness

Most of 1965 was spent combing the Maine wilderness for derelict Lombards that would yield enough parts to restore the Sherman Lumber model. Then when the restored Lombard was brought to Patten in 1966, the town librarian somewhat plausibly demurred. Axes, saws, canthooks, boomchains, farrier tools, beanpots—these things, yes; a 20-ton Lombard? No. So the Museum moved and

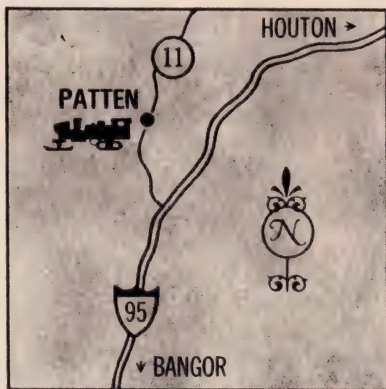
built a building big enough for the Lombard just outside Patten.

Today, the museum is a considerable complex. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Scribner have died, but the present staff and directors maintain the museum in a way that would have made the co-founders proud. The collections are arranged so they are not just a parcel of antiques. The story of North American lumbering is there in sequence, showing the importance of forest products to our economy. Right now, the museum has a size problem of the future—a size problem that makes the 20-ton Lombard look like a midget. Where will they house a tree-snipper that can reach 70 feet in the air? Where to put the great trucks that carry 30 cords of tree-length pulpwood? Or the giant road graders now used on timberland highways? Today, Maine has lumber camps that resemble highway tourist motels—a far cry from the museum's replica of an 1820 camp where the cook worked over an open fire and smoke passed through a hole in the roof. Nobody rolls logs now; the peavey and back muscles have been supplanted by loading derricks. Tree-length logs that were snipped and limbed by cab-controlled machinery ride to the mill yard to be "slashed" into pulpwood by gang saws—there are lumber camps now that have no need for chainsaws. So some day, beside that replica of an 1820 camp, there must be the modern version of a cook-

shack with chrome automatic dishwasher, refrigeration and electric range.

Open during non-snow season

Closed Mondays and Sunday forenoons, the museum is open from Memorial Day to mid-October—the non-snow season in Patten. Patten is far off Maine's beaten tourist routes, nearly a hundred miles beyond Bangor, but only a few miles from I-95 via the Sherman-Patten or Island Falls exits. But Patten was a lumbering center from 1800, and there is no more proper place in the United States for such a collection. Distance does not prevent some 10,000 people a season from finding the museum, and the Lombard. The Lombard that gave us a name for a strong man, and gave Man the capacity to move mountains. □



Revolution Ahead for the Auto Industry



by William O. Bourke
Executive Vice President—
Ford North American Automotive Operations

Adapted from remarks at a national news conference held earlier this year in Los Angeles, California.

I'M NOT complaining about the direction of Federal regulations concerning emissions and fuel-economy standards. The health and comfort of the public are precious, and automotive pollutants absolutely, positively, must be controlled. Similarly, the world's supply of oil is limited and must be stretched; increasing the fuel efficiency of cars and trucks is an obvious step in achieving that end.

But agreement with the direction of Federal goals is not the same as agreement with the specifics of how far and how fast. If the government goes too far or too fast, the auto manufacturers could lose the public's vote in the marketplace even while they're gaining the government's vote on the regulatory front. And in the end, Congress could lose, too.

The tragic thing is that we could be headed for a crunch that is avoidable. The auto industry has

been trending toward smaller, more fuel-efficient cars since the 1960s. Part of that is due to the growth in multiple-car households, in which second and third cars are not likely to duplicate the family sedan. Economics—purchase price and operating costs—also are a factor. Urban congestion is still another.

Currently, it's hard to get people to accept the fact that we're trending toward small cars, because all the publicity has been on the boom in big cars.

Small-car share in 1974 and 1975 was abnormally high—so high, in fact, that we and our competitors could not respond to the market fast enough. We responded as fast as we could by converting big-car plants to small-car production—just in time to see the mix reverse and catch us with too much small-car capacity and not enough big-car capacity.

That's just another reminder that the customer still calls the shots. The auto industry knows this, and we've been saying it for years to

social critics who claim we force the public to buy what we want to sell.

Now the shoe is on the other foot. Social critics—and I'm not using this term in a derogatory sense—are trying to force the public to buy what they feel is best for them. We'll get the first test of that in 1978, when the 18-mile-per-gallon fuel-economy standard goes into effect. The standard calls for increments of one-mile-per-gallon through 1980, and then an average of 27.5 mpg by 1985.

This means that 1978 will be a year of adjustment for both buyers and sellers. For us—the sellers—18 mpg is required to stay legal. To do that, car line and engine mix will be managed very carefully with all production schedules computer-analyzed to within one-thousandth of a gallon.

We've got a long way to go to hit 18 mpg in 1978. We started the 1977-model year at 17.1 mpg and now we're nearly a mile per gallon below that. The key to getting better than 18 mpg will be our new family of cars which are compacts by today's definition, but will be mid-sized when the industry completes its downsizing.

By 1981 we will have downsized—mainly for fuel economy—all of our cars at a cost that is simply staggering. In 1977 and the following three years, Ford worldwide capital expenditures for facilities and tools will be more than \$8 billion, with by far the biggest

chunk going to North America.

Our present plans call for the downsizing to be accompanied by new powertrain concepts such as Dual Displacement engines, programmed combustion or PROCO engines, automatic overdrive transmissions and front-wheel drive. Interactive electronic engine controls will be widely used, and we expect to be No. 1 in the industry in this high-technology field.

One of the developments that has attracted a great deal of media interest is the Dual Displacement engine. This is an electronic-age modification of a conventional engine which permits it to use only as many cylinders as are needed for power. The balance of the cylinders don't fire and therefore don't burn fuel.

Personally, I'm very bullish on all our forward programs, but I'm also enough of a realist to recognize that they represent a dramatic departure from what we're used to. The auto industry has grown to its worldwide preeminence by a process of evolution—and the next four years will be a revolution.

New and relatively untried technology will be introduced into production before we'd prefer to see it there. New designs, new names, new engines and transmissions with different operating characteristics, and new limits on product availability, will be introduced at a rate that may be faster than the public cares to see. □



Fiesta with optional Sport Group

by Edward A. Robeson

FIESTA

The small, quick-handling car
with exhilarating performance

EUROPE's most successful new car is coming to America.

In its first six months on the European market, the Ford Fiesta has outsold every other new nameplate ever introduced in Europe during its comparable introductory period. Ford Motor Company is importing the Fiesta from Ford of Germany for sale by Ford dealers throughout the United States. The Fiesta will be available in Ford dealerships as soon as its emissions-control system is certified by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). Certification has been delayed because, at press time, the Congress had not established amended emissions-control requirements for 1978-model cars.

A small, quick-handling car in the European tradition, the Fiesta's performance is exhilarating. In Ford tests, it accelerated from 0 to 50 miles per hour in an average

of 8.8 seconds (9.1 seconds for models equipped with California emissions controls) and braked from 50 miles per hour to 0 in an average of 3.3 seconds. It has solid cornering, exceptional stability for American turnpike driving and maneuvers smoothly in urban traffic. More importantly, in view of energy concerns, its fuel economy is estimated by the EPA at 46 miles per gallon on the highway and 34 miles per gallon in city driving. Cars equipped with California emissions-control systems are rated lower. The fuel economy you get may vary depending on how and where you drive, the car's condition and optional equipment.

The Fiesta is engineered for controlled action. Its front-wheel drive, coupled with a transverse-mounted (sideways) 1.6-litre cast-iron engine, puts the weight over the front driving wheels where it improves





traction and enhances driver control, even on surfaces such as snow, ice, mud or gravel. Its two-barrel Weber carburetor (the brand used in Ferrari) is precisely calibrated to improve fuel-metering at idle speed and provide more complete combustion. Fiesta's four-speed, floor-mounted aluminum-cased manual transaxle (instead of a familiar transmission) is fully synchronized, and the car's rack-and-pinion steering gives the driver precise control in sudden traffic maneuvers.

Fiesta's 8.7-inch front-disc brakes and 7.0-inch rear-drum brakes are diagonally linked so that even if one of the brake cylinders becomes inoperative, there will still be at least 50 per cent braking power to provide reserve control.

The MacPherson-strut front suspension adds control when braking. The rear suspension—with a tubular steel axle located with trailing arms, vertical dampers and a Panhard rod—maintains constant rear-wheel track and camber, adding to the driver's feel of control. Standard Michelin steel-belted radial tires combine with the front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering and MacPherson-strut front suspension to give the driver a solid feeling of controlled action.

In addition to its performance, the Fiesta is engineered for roominess and comfort. Small-car buyers who expect a compromise in back-seat room will be pleasantly sur-

prised by Fiesta's unique four-passenger design. The transverse-mounted engine and front-wheel drive minimize the transmission hump and driveshaft tunnel, providing unobstructed floor space, front to back. In fact, Fiesta has more back-seat leg room than any other imported or domestic car of its kind.

Servicing the car is easy, too. Transverse-mounted engine components are easy to reach, and see-through containers permit a quick sight check of battery, radiator, brake and windshield-washer fluid levels. Fiesta's fuse box is conveniently located under the instrument panel on the driver's side. The clutch and both front and rear brakes are self-adjusting. Transmission, suspension, steering components and wheel bearings require no scheduled maintenance. Under normal operating and driving conditions, the scheduled service interval is 7,500 miles. (Certain services are required after the first 1,500 miles and will be performed free at Ford dealerships when the owner presents the 1,500-mile coupon that comes with the owner's manual.) While service is available at more than 5,200 Ford dealerships conveniently located from coast to coast, a do-it-yourself service guide is available for owners who like to do their own light repairs.

Fiesta comes in a three-door hatch-back configuration with a number of trim choices. The stand-





ard Fiesta has smartly tailored all-vinyl upholstery, comfortably contoured high-back front bucket seats, neatly clustered, easy-to-read gauges on an instrument panel attractively covered with a brushed-aluminum appliqué, smooth-fitting carpet, bright bumpers with black tape strips, black window moldings, black rear-view mirror, integral front air dam and rear-roof spoiler.

Fiesta's Decor Group Option provides added comfort and convenience. It features handsome Houndstooth cloth-and-vinyl upholstery (or solid color all-vinyl, if you prefer), fully reclining low-back front bucket seats, woodtone instrument-panel appliques, bright outside rear-view mirror, bodyside paint stripes, black rocker-panel moldings and more.

The Fiesta Sport Group Option includes the Decor Group Option, a sports suspension system for swift, sure handling, colorful Cadiz cloth upholstery, a four-spoke steering wheel, brushed-aluminum appliques for the instrument panel, "S" tape stripes and bright wheel-trim rings and bolts.

For import-car buyers who want more luxury, Fiesta with the Ghia Group Option begins with the notable features of the standard Fiesta, the Decor Group Option and the Sports Group Option, then adds

finishing touches that provide a level of luxury normally not found in small cars.

The Ghia Group Option features plush velour-cloth upholstery, woodtone instrument-panel accents, door-storage pockets, seat-back assist straps and map pockets, roof grab handles, a carpeted package tray, Ghia emblems, vinyl-insert bodyside moldings, a third-door twist lock, day/night rear-view mirror and visor vanity mirror.

Other special Fiesta options include AM radio, movable front-vent windows, air conditioning, tinted glass, rear-window wiper/washer, cast-aluminum wheels and a flip-up open-air roof with two interchangeable panels. The tinted glass and steel panels may be opened to a vent position or removed completely. The panels store in a special case that snaps securely to the load-compartment floor surface.

Fiesta models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Sport Group, rear-window wiper/washer and Ghia Group. ☐

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Top left: Fiesta comes in a three-door hatch-back configuration with a number of trim choices. Left: Optional Ghia Group interior

Birthday Parties

AND EARLY TRIUMPHS



by Zibby Oneal

illustrations by Marcus Hamilton

EVERYONE I knew was born in February, or so it seemed. This, at least, was the month when there were cupcakes in school every Friday and a party to attend every Saturday afternoon. To my way of thinking, it was the right month to be born. Through some oversight my parents had had me in March, so from a young age I felt myself somewhat a social outcast. This may be why I do not remember my early social forays as particularly glorious. The other reason may be my undershirt.

There were two things my mother fought like the plague: drafts and ants. The undershirt was for drafts. It had sleeves. *They* had sleeves, I should say, since I must have owned 20. It was bad enough to wear them to school where the sleeves crept down and hung out under my blouse. Wearing them to birthday parties was insufferable. Already, having a March birthday, I was a misfit. Wearing an undershirt, whose telltale ribbed sleeves poked out below the Irish lace trimming my black velvet party dress, was more than I could endure—which is not to say I didn't endure it. Children, after all, have no rights.

I think this must be why, when I think of the birthday parties I attended, they all run together in my memory. Who had time to appreciate the nuances and fine points? Not someone busy tucking in an undershirt. Thus, all birthday parties

are, for me, one birthday party. And, to tell the truth, they all *were* pretty much the same.

When my own children have a party, we usually take the guests bowling and feed them at McDonald's. Everyone wears blue jeans. Now and then I get a twinge of guilt. What would my mother think of such sloppy entertaining? Birthday parties didn't used to be like that.

Parties were either from 3 to 5 o'clock, featuring ice cream, cake and a Felix the Cat cartoon, or from 5 to 7 o'clock, which included supper. I've never once considered giving my own children a 5 to 7 affair, preferring not to discover bits of hot dog months later in the chandelier. In those days, however, mothers were more ambitious; parties were mannerly. Supper wasn't hot dogs, either.

Supper was always creamed chicken. I suppose we must have eaten our way through several gallons of creamed chicken in our childhood, sometimes with peas, always with patty shells. This was followed by vanilla ice cream—never chocolate, never strawberry—and a cake that said Happy Birthday on the top in colored icing. It was considered very lucky to get the piece with the *H*.

If the food was unvarying, so was the entertainment, likewise the presents and even our costumes. On birthday party Saturdays we all had shampoos at lunch-

time, done in the wash basin with Castile soap jelly and a vinegar rinse. Thus, we even smelled the same.

I can remember sitting in a sunny window drying my hair and beginning to have the first stirrings of pre-party anxiety. Worry mixed with the faint odor of vinegar. I became increasingly certain that I would be chosen last for any team game we might play, would never be saved a seat at the table, that my undershirt would disgrace me, that I would spill things down the front of my party dress. It made my stomach clench to think of being seated at the lower end of the table next to Grace Burdock whom nobody liked, but everybody invited because our mothers made us. I imagined the glamorous few among my friends who never had these worries, the golden girls. They might not have looked golden. To an objective observer, they might, in fact, have looked like ordinary plump 9-year-olds, but to me they were blessed. They were always chosen first for teams, always saved places by their friends. They were, of course, all born in February. Needless to say, they were not forced to wear undershirts.

Ordinarily I'd gotten myself into a fair state of misery by the time it was the hour to dress. With considerable intervention from my mother, I donned the party uniform: a dark velvet dress—navy blue, black or maroon—with an Irish lace collar and pearl buttons

up the front, white-ribbed knee socks, patent leather Mary Janes and my good coat with a velveteen collar from Best's. Then clutching my present to my chest, muffled to the nose in case of an unforeseen draft, I set off. From the front door my mother watched me.

When I was halfway down the sidewalk she would call, "Remember to say you had a nice time!" This would be the third or fourth reminder since my shampoo. I didn't bother to answer. I knew by then that there were certain things mothers said automatically at spaced intervals throughout a child's life: Wear your galoshes, don't talk to strangers, sit up straight—for which they did not expect answers. These things were in the nature of a refrain, not a conversational gambit. So it was with remembering to say you'd had a nice time.

Had my mother wanted to discuss it, though, I would have had to tell her that it was a ridiculous command. How did *she* know beforehand that I'd have a nice time? How did *I*? So much hinged on the level of my popularity, on whether my undershirt stayed hidden. Crossing the street—after looking both ways ostentatiously for her benefit—and heading up the next block I was consumed by these worries. By the time I arrived at the doorstep three blocks farther on, I often had a stomachache.

Inside the balloon-festooned house stood 8 or 10 little girls



dressed exactly like me. We scarcely spoke, although we knew each other well. Our glistening party condition left us tongue-tied.

Solemnly, twisting the corners of our clean handkerchiefs, we followed the mother of the birthday child into the living room. She shook our hands. We curtsied. She tried to coax a little conversa-

tion from our dumbstruck bodies. We eyed her and answered in monosyllables. Then we sat down in a decorous circle to watch the presents be unwrapped.

Sometime between the presents and the games, we came to life. Sometime between the last new book or Storybook doll (for nobody *ever* gave anything else) and

the first round of Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey, somebody giggled. The ice broke. We began to chat, and the resident mother looked relieved. You could see she'd been worried her party would flop.

The games were as invariable as anything else. We played Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey, Blindman's Bluff and, sometimes, had a treasure hunt. These were perilous tests for my undershirt. If it was going to droop, it usually began during Blindman's Bluff. Thus, what may have been glorious entertainment for the others was a trial by ordeal for me. Winning as far as I was concerned meant staying intact until supper.

Sometimes the entertainment included a magician who pulled rainbow-colored scarves from various ears and hair ribbons among the guests. This was better, undershirt-wise. Best of all were cartoons, Felix the Cat, Popeye or Mickey Mouse, shown on a home projector for at least half an hour in merciful darkness.

Then came the creamed chicken and the blowing out of candles in a dining room made festive with crepe-paper streamers, poppers, blowers and balloons. We tried to keep our elbows off the table, eat with one hand in our lap, chew with our mouth closed and not talk until we had swallowed. When the time came to depart we said in identical singsong voices, "Thank you, I had a very nice time." Then

we sallied forth into the blue twilight carrying our snappers and poppers and pleated crepe-paper nut cups. Somewhat less elegant than on arrival, we went home.

Until we were about 11, our social life proceeded according to this pattern. What it lacked in novelty, it made up for in safety. You knew what to expect. Then, the year we were 11, a new girl moved to town. From the beginning we were enthralled. She was worldly in ways none of us had ever considered. She had lived five years in Chicago, Illinois, had once had half a glass of champagne at a wedding and carried her lunch to school in a Saks shoe box. We couldn't wait for her birthday party.

Sure enough, in the middle of February the invitation arrived. It was written on a calling card and



it asked us to tea. Tea! Farewell crepe paper and creamed chicken. Sophistication was at hand!

Right away I could see the need for some alterations in my costume. For three weeks I implored and finally Mother agreed that I could forego my undershirt. I relaxed then. On the day of the party I had scarcely a qualm. All ready to go, I inquired about my present.

Mother went to the closet and pulled out a large violet hoop. "What's that?" I said. "A hoop," said my mother. "What for?" said I. "It's your present." It wasn't a hula hoop, either—nobody had heard of those in 1949—it was a regular 19th-century hoop and stick that Mother, apparently as dazzled as we by the exotic party, had bought in some shop specializing in clever toys. I was thunderstruck.

"I'm not taking it," I said finally. "Nobody would give a present like that." "That's why it's fun," said Mother. "It's unique." "Well, I'm not going," I said, but I did.

Once out the door I decided the only solution was to hide in the alley until the party was over. I squatted down behind two trash cans and stared morosely at their corrugated sides. The hoop protruded at either edge. My velveteen collar was no protection against the cold. I realized it was go to the party or freeze to death, so, finally, its lavender circumference clutched in my stiffened fingers, the hoop and I went.

"Here," I said to the birthday girl.

"Gosh, thanks!" she said. It was clear she had no idea what I had given her.

"Just what you always wanted, right?" But before she could answer, her mother came swooping out of the living room. She looked like no mother in my experience. Crystal earrings grazed her shoulders. Her dress was long and made entirely of ruffles. "A hoop!" she cried. "How wonderful! How imaginative!" And suddenly I was a star.

My friends stood around with their dowdy boxes of Storybook dolls. I rested an imaginative hand on my hoop. They discussed volleyball and spelling. I discussed Paris, where I had never been, with my hostess who went there all the time.

I was the last to come and the last to leave. It was nearly dark when I got home. My mother wore the contrite look of one who knows she has embarrassed her child. I could easily have made her feel better. Instead, with the crafty wisdom of the young, I decided to extract a few promises while she was still sorry. In the course of the evening it was decided that we would serve chocolate ice cream at my next birthday party instead of the traditional vanilla. Then, pressing my advantage just as I was going to bed, I got her to promise that from then on, under no circumstances nor on any occasion, need I ever wear an undershirt again. □



story and photos by Erwin A. Bauer



ARIZONA

All Its Canyons Are Grand

MENTION ARIZONA to people from another state and they probably think of the Grand Canyon or of Phoenix. But there is another part of the state where the landscape and the weather during late winter and early spring are as pleasant as anywhere in America. Arizona's *other* canyon country—

roughly the southwest part of the state—is particularly attractive to travelers whose tastes run toward outdoor activities.

A good way to explore this region is via I-8 and I-10, traveling either eastbound or westbound. My wife and I began at Yuma for two very good reasons: first, the

area has early season bass fishing; second, the peak blooming of desert wild flowers occurs there before it does at the higher altitudes around Tucson.

Arid or semidesert regions normally are not good places for fishing. In fact, not too long ago the closest fishing hole to Yuma was the Gulf of California in Old Mexico. But reservoirs along the lower Colorado River have turned once-dry canyons of the Chocolate Mountains into a lake where large-mouth bass, assorted panfish and huge flathead catfish live. In fact, fishing in Yuma's Martinez Lake is good long before the season opens elsewhere.

Travelers too often ignore the numerous national wildlife refuges scattered across the country, since they are not as well known as most national parks and monuments. Nevertheless, refuges contain visitor facilities, spectacular scenery and abundant animal life. Three such sanctuaries are close to Yuma: Imperial, Cabeza Prieta and Kofa. Imperial, for the most part, is a wintering place where great rafts of waterfowl can be seen. The others are mountain areas established to preserve the endangered desert bighorn sheep.

Cabeza Prieta is not open to visitors, but 1,000-square-mile Kofa (named for the now abandoned King of Arizona gold mine) is open to all. It is a jewel for desert buffs, in its setting of steep, stark peaks

separated by box canyons. During late March, we camped in meadows that were golden with desert poppies and spent a happy day exploring Palm Canyon where the state's only native palms grow in a magnificent setting. Beside artificial waterholes, we watched steady streams of desert birds come to re-fuel, while mule deer browsed on cactus slopes just above us.

A word of advice about Kofa: no drinking water is available, so you must carry your entire supply. Beyond U.S. 95, no roads are paved. A few interior sections should be attempted only in four-wheel-drive vehicles. Maps of Kofa are available at the Refuge headquarters in Yuma.

There are even more canyons to explore around Tucson than Yuma. Begin with Saguaro National Monument, two separate units that are just east and west of the city limits. They are the finest examples of Sonoran Desert, and perhaps the most exquisite tracts of living desert anywhere on earth.

The most common plant in the monument, and the most remarkable as well, is the saguaro cactus. When five years old, a saguaro may be only two inches tall, but it can live 200 years and eventually can grow to 50 feet. All through its existence a saguaro furnishes shelter and food (seeds and fruit) for countless species of wildlife. No plant better symbolizes Arizona's other canyon country.



A few miles east of Tucson is Tucson Mountain Park. It includes Gilbert Ray Campground with extensive facilities for tenting and recreation vehicles; Old Tucson, a site for motion picture and TV production sets; and the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum which is a misnomer since it is almost entirely out-of-doors.

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, next to Old Tucson, is a far quieter place and is among the foremost living museums anywhere in the world. Nature trails wind through forests of cacti and other Southwestern desert plants and past "open" wildlife enclosures. Here is an unusual opportunity to see everything from centipedes and scorpions to desert bighorn sheep and several species of desert wildcats in natural canyon habitat. You can view the underwater antics of beavers and river otters from a special room.

A short drive south of Tucson in

the Santa Rita Mountains is Madera Canyon. From U.S. 89 a paved road climbs almost the length of the canyon through evergreen forests to a cluster of cool and shaded campgrounds. Even in the hottest weather, camping is comfortable in this portion of the Coronado National Forest. Hikers on forest trails see such birds as the coppery-tailed trogon, which rarely ventures north of the border.

One of the most spectacular auto trips in the Southwest begins at the Sabino Canyon Visitor Center (also part of Coronado National Forest that is in the foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains, only 15 miles northeast of downtown Tucson). The elevation at the center is only 2,800 feet above sea level, but near that point the General Hitchcock Highway begins its 26-mile climb (all paved) to the peak of Mt. Lemmon where the altitude is 9,250 feet—or $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles above the starting point.

During the ascent, which is perfectly safe for any car in good condition, desert heat gives way to cool winds and finally to snowfields. There are excellent campgrounds, and magnificent vistas can be seen along the way.

Our discovery of two small, alcohol-clear creeks—Lemmon and Sabino—in the Santa Catalinas, which are stocked with rainbow trout, brought our tour to a happy, satisfying ending. Ask us: All of Arizona's canyons are grand. □

The Infinite Vari

S



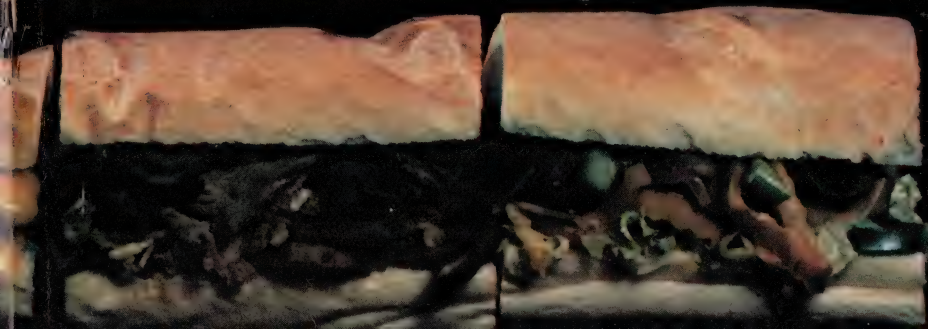
riety of American

SANDWICHES

The odyssey of the sandwich is as old as the history of the world. It goes back to ancient times and varied with ethnic groups and geographic locations, just as it does today. The origin of the sandwich cannot be definitely established, although there are many theories about its beginning. Some believe that sandwiches are as old as bread itself. The Greeks and Romans enjoyed a wedge of meat between two slabs of bread, and so, without a doubt, did the Babylonians. Danes, Saxons and Normans probably ate their version of a hero, too. Another school of history traces the origin of the sandwich to the great Jewish teacher, Rabbi Hillel, in 50 A.D.

by Nancy Kennedy

photos by Don Rockney



Sandwiches, pages 32-33, counterclockwise from top: corned beef on rye, lobster roll, beef barbecue, ham and cheese, pepper steak and vegetarian

During the Passover feast ritual, Jewish people still follow Hillel's custom of eating a sandwich made of two pieces of matzo containing bitter herbs, chopped nuts and apple.

Whoever invented the sandwich, it was the Fourth Earl of Sandwich who gave his name to this great American favorite. According to legend, it came about during the late 18th century and over the gaming table. The Earl, an avid gambler, disliked interrupting his cards and dice while he ate. For convenience sake, he ordered meat between slices of bread. The meal required no elaborate place setting and left a hand free for gambling.

Others saw these advantages and soon all were having "the same as Sandwich." It wasn't long before "sandwich" was an accepted word in the dictionary of foods.

The Earl had captured the restless, eat-in-a-hurry spirit of the new country, America. The sandwich became a cross-country favorite. The ingredients vary from region to region and usually are created from the simple, homely foods that are in bountiful supply.

In New England, for example, the lobster roll, a mouth-watering combination of chunks of fresh lobster meat with a little celery and mayonnaise on a long egg roll, is a longtime favorite. In my youth

when I visited relatives in Maine, this was one of the treats that I looked forward to. Then it was almost as prevalent and inexpensive as the hot dog.

Another New England and Midwestern farm favorite, the baked-bean sandwich, has become a menu star in some areas. Out of big-city Italian neighborhoods in the East emerged the dazzling and creative sandwiches with robust fillings: submarines, heroes or heroines.

In the bayou country, the New Orleans' Po' Boy reigns. This snack is supposed to have originated with a kindhearted owner of one of the best coffee stalls of the Old French Market, who used to make up those hefty sandwiches and hand them out to hungry little boys who would beg: "Mister, please, sir, give a sandwich to a po' boy." They are now standard fare in nearly every city in the United States, and when you come down to it, are just a Southern and French-accented cousin of the Northern heroes.

Down Florida way, the shrimp sandwich, in dozens of variations, appears on roadside stands and in all kinds of restaurants. This sandwich is just a good excuse to enjoy some of the wonderful flavor of the fresh Gulf shrimp which go from fishing trawler to table in shoreside communities.

On the bill-of-fare at a Colonial restaurant in Virginia is a Colonial-style ham sandwich. Very thin slices of Virginia ham are served between



Top to bottom: California club, Florida shrimp and baked bean

two slices of buttered French bread. Another version of this is served on the area's beaten biscuits.

A little farther south and west, the barbecue was born as a regional sandwich that now is at home everywhere. Succulent roast pork, beef or ham slices are heated in spicy barbecue sauce and then placed on buttered, toasted split buns. A great meal-in-a-mouthful.

A Midwestern cousin of the barbecue is the breaded pork tenderloin sandwich that Hoosiers eat with great gusto. An associate of mine gets a dreamy look on his face when he thinks of this Indiana delicacy and says that Sam's Subway

Restaurant in Indianapolis is one of many places that serve the tasty fried pork loin on a warm egg roll bun. He confesses that when he and his family cross the border into the state, they make a stop immediately for this sandwich.

Traveling west, the same regional reasons for sandwiches crop up. In Alaska and northern California, the king-crab sandwich on sourdough bread is one of many seafood sandwiches that abound. Another West Coast invention is the California club sandwich that adds generous slices of avocado to the traditional three-decker sandwich.

Back in New York, where the American deli first became an institution, the corned beef sandwich is king. Served either on a chewy piece of corn rye or pumpernickel—breads with real character that are sliced from loaves as the sandwich is made—it has provided millions of eminently satisfying meals.

A more elegant cousin of the plain corned beef sandwich is the Reuben, which bears the name—wherever it is served—of the Manhattan emporium that invented it.

The Western, or Denver, supposedly was whipped together by hungry Western railroad men who wanted a hearty meal and wanted it fast. What could be simpler and more nourishing than eggs, ham, onions and green pepper cooked and popped onto buttered toast?

So it goes with the history of the

sandwich and America's regional favorites. They were born in one neighborhood of a big city or a region and then were adopted by Americans everywhere. No longer are these creations limited by state and regional boundaries. Good cooks and scouting restaurateurs continually see that the food frontier is broken. Long live the sandwich!

Grinder, Submarine, Torpedo, Hoagy, Hero

The variations of this Italian American sandwich are endless. One of the names, "hero," supposedly derived from the saying that you've got to be a hero or heroine to eat one.

4 small Italian loaves, 12 inches long or

8 small Italian rolls, 6 inches long

Mayonnaise

2½ cups shredded lettuce

Italian dressing or oil and vinegar dressing

Salt and pepper, to taste

8 ounces sliced salami

8 ounces sliced bologna or Lebanon sausage

8 ounces sliced provolone cheese

2 tomatoes, sliced thin

8 paper-thin slices onion

Green pepper strips

Slit loaves lengthwise and spread cut surfaces generously with mayonnaise. Combine lettuce, 3 tablespoons dressing, salt and pepper and spoon onto loaves (drain slightly to avoid dripping when eating). On lettuce arrange remaining ingredients in layers down length of loaves. Cut loaves in half crosswise and serve with additional mayonnaise or dressing. Serves 8.

Florida Shrimp Salad Sandwich

2 cups cooked small or medium shrimps, cleaned

½ cup diced celery

¼ cup diced green pepper

2 tablespoons mayonnaise

1 tablespoon chili sauce

1 tablespoon chopped onion

1½ teaspoons diced pimento

1½ teaspoons capers

Salt and pepper, to taste

4 pita loaves, halved

Romaine lettuce

Combine shrimp, celery, green pepper, mayonnaise, chili sauce, onion, pimento and capers. Chill well. Season with salt and pepper. Open pockets of pita, line with romaine and spoon in shrimp mixture. Serves 4.

New Orleans Po' Boy

Take a long loaf of French bread, slit it in half, lengthwise, and butter both sides. Then slice the loaf in thirds or fourths (not cutting quite through bottom crust), and put a different filling in each section. Fried oysters almost invariably go in one part, and the other sections can be filled with French sausage, ham, chicken salad, or dressed greens—any appetizing tidbit at hand.

Midwest and New England Farm Bean Sandwich

Spread a slice of whole wheat bread with butter. Spread a second slice with tomato ketchup. Add ¼ teaspoon onion, which has been diced very fine, to enough cold baked beans to spread on the bread.

California Club Sandwich

18 slices toasted white bread

¼ pound butter

1 avocado, peeled and sliced

½ lemon, juice

Lettuce

12 slices crisp bacon

12 slices tomato

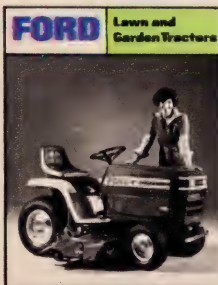
Mayonnaise

Butter 6 slices of toast and arrange avocado slices on them. Sprinkle with lemon juice. Top with lettuce. Butter both sides of 6 slices of toast and place on top of lettuce. Top with bacon and tomato. Spread remaining slices of toast with mayonnaise and place on tomato. Makes 6 sandwiches.

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☆☆ The Great Bicentennial ☆☆

SCULPTURE WAR

story and photos by
Warren H. Spencer

WHAT'S A STATE without its landmarks? Could California be the same, for instance, without Yosemite? Or would Arizona retain its identity without the Grand Canyon? How could Florida be Florida without the Everglades? Or South Dakota without Mount Rushmore; Minnesota without its lakes; Colorado without the Rockies; Nebraska without its sculpture; South Carolina without Fort Sumter? Wait a minute! Nebraska without its sculpture?

That's right, sculpture. From those very people who gave you

corn on the cob and beef on the hoof now comes a bumper crop of culture sprouting beside transcontinental Interstate 80. No, there aren't any cowboys, Indians, covered wagons or Hereford bulls. Instead, there are aluminum and steel, granite and concrete items with names like *Crossing the Plains*, *Roadway Confluence*, *Arrival* and *Erma's Desire*.

Let you suspect the Cornhusker State of selling out to the Eastern art world, there is something you should know. Not everyone likes the sculptures. In fact, a lot of homefolk just plain hate them. Somewhere along the line, you see, a number of Nebraskans got the

idea that outsiders might look at their artwork and giggle. One or two might even ask something brash like: "What is that thing, Maude?" And, if Maude happened to be from Nebraska, she figured she'd be pretty hard put for an answer. Likely, that was one reason for the Great Bicentennial Sculpture War.

The whole thing began a couple of years back. A Lincoln Chamber of Commerce member suggested re-creating the world's largest elephant (the remains of which stand in the Capital City's State Museum), and tethering it alongside the interstate. The skeletal sculpture, it was envisioned, might prompt some passersby to investigate further, spending a little money along the way.

Idea never really caught on

No one knows exactly why, but the Pachyderm-on-the-Roadway idea never really caught on. It did prompt another suggestion, though: Why not provide some good artwork for the meandering masses? Why not, indeed? On a grand scale. That's how the concept of the "455-mile (the approximate distance from the Missouri River to the Wyoming border) sculpture garden" was born. And what better place to display public sculpture than in the rest-area parks scattered all along the route? That way, not only Nebraskans could enjoy them, but they also would be appreciated

by the estimated 6½ million tourists who pass by each year. Tie the project to the nation's 200th birthday and the venture seemed brilliant.

A trio of Nebraska businessmen blessed the plan, and appropriate governmental approval was procured. Communities beside I-80 were surveyed and showed suitable interest. All that remained was to corral enough cash—something like a half million dollars. Fund-raisers swung into action.

Meanwhile, sculptors throughout the United States were invited to enter proposals in what surely was the Bicentennial's grandest contest. Project organizers envisioned commissioning the best possible sculpture by living American sculptors to celebrate the nation's birthday. With the United States being sculpture's current world leader, 121 artists soon were in the running. It seemed as though the dream was coming true. There were, however, a few peaks and hollows ahead.

The peaks: Fund raising among businesses progressed nicely. Nebraska's Unicameral authorized \$150,000 for the project. Organizers went after \$100,000 from the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission (ARBC). Outside jurors narrowed the entries to 46, then settled on the final dozen.

The hollows: Nebraska's governor vetoed state aid. ARBC came through with only \$20,000. Failing finances forced paring the number



Up/Over

of sculptures to 10.

Still, 10 sculptures would a 455-mile sculpture garden make. And, as minor setbacks like skimpy financing faded from memory, proponents predicted a smooth road ahead. They were wrong!

With the unveiling of the sculpture designs in the summer of '75, it became apparent that something was amiss. Critics cropped up everywhere. Most of the pieces already had names, but the cultural

vigilantes coined new ones. "Junk." "Monstrosities." "Unearthly." Those were mild compared to some of the epithets detractors hurled at the artwork. There wasn't a bison or a Nebraska artist in the lot. And the natives were restless.

For weeks, letters appeared daily in the state's press, frequently exploding Letters-to-the-Editor columns to entire pages. At the outset, it was explained that no tax money was involved (partly because of the

gubernatorial veto). Nonetheless, money was an issue; often an erroneous one, as it turned out.

"You can't spend my tax money that way!" a writer would wail through the press.

"But there isn't any tax money being spent, madam," came the reply.

"I don't care, you can't spend my tax money that way!"

Others didn't care where the money came from. There just had to be a better way to spend it. And, besides, the sculptures were downright ugly:

"But if you'll only give modern art a chance, it'll grow on you."

"I don't give a damn where it'll grow, I hate that junk!"

"But if you'll only give it a chance."

It seemed as though a healthy percentage of state residents were hard of hearing—on both sides.

Public art in Nebraska was in trouble. Grand Island, a mid-state metropolis of 32,000 was particularly upset. A rest area nearby was chosen to display *Erma's Desire*, and mere mention of the name was enough to send normally stable townfolk into fits of rage. What they objected to seemed divided into two categories. One was the name. A certain faction was sure it had sexual connotations. Relatedly, another group visualized a reclining woman amongst its spikes and pyramids.

"Lurid," it was called.

"Lustful," they moaned.

"What is it?" others asked.

"Licentious," they were told.

Erma's Desire



Nebraska Wind Sculpture



"But what is it?"

"Shameful!"

"Oh."

A Maine artist, John Raimondi, explained that the artwork represented his mother's (Erma's) desire for his success.

"Poppycock! We know better than that!"

Erma might not have been welcome in Grand Island, but just down the road she was considered a prize. The 500 residents of Gibbon could never hope to finance a sculpture on their own, and the furor in Grand Island seemed to them a golden opportunity. The "Give Erma A Home Committee" was formed, backers launching a petition drive to move the sculpture to *their* rest area, and asking for \$25 in local donations to defray promotional mailing expenses. Within the week, they collected 48 signatures, \$11 in change and a threatened lawsuit from the committee president, who didn't want his name associated with such solicitation. Their effort was futile, however, since Erma was slated for Grand Island, and that was where she would stay.

After a six-month schedule of hearings, legislators decided they could and would accept the artwork on behalf of the people. For their part, the issue was settled. Disgruntled critics accepted the verdict, but they didn't have to like it. Homespun versions of the sculptures appeared everywhere.

It's hard to say whether the Great Bicentennial Sculpture War is over or merely committed to a shaky truce. Whatever, things are mostly quiet now. Eight of the 10 sculptures are complete. If you plan to travel through Nebraska on I-80, you may want to see what the fuss was all about.

Eight sculptures complete

Following are the artists, their sculptures and the sculptures' locations, going from east to west:

Richard Field, *Memorial to the American Bandshell*, Platte River (between Omaha and Lincoln), eastbound lane.

Paul Von Ringelheim, *Arrival*, Seward/Milford, eastbound lane.

Bradford Graves, *Crossing the Plains*, York, westbound lane.

John Raimondi, *Erma's Desire*, Grand Island, eastbound lane.

George Baker, *Nebraska Wind Sculpture*, Kearney, westbound lane.

Anthony Padovano, *Nebraska Gateway*, North Platte (Brady exit), westbound lane.

Linda Howard, *Up/Over*, Ogallala, westbound lane.

Hans Von De Bovenkamp, *Roadway Confluence*, Sidney, westbound lane.

Any road map will get you to any or all of the sculptures, but there are certain ground rules you must obey. First, promise not to giggle. Second, for God's sake, don't ask, "What is that thing, Maude?" □



Joe Isom

Missouri's SQUAW CREEK

A remarkably well-planned refuge for people
as well as wildlife

by Joel M. Vance illustrations by Joe Isom

A NORTHWEST WIND piled slate-gray waves against the shore. The distant trees wore the rich

clothing of late autumn, contrasting with the dark brown of the weather-tortured loessial bluffs. I huddled



in the reeds, my boots sinking into the muck. My eiderdown parka felt good. The metal on my camera lens bit into my bare hand. Gloves were too cumbersome to operate the camera.

There was plenty to photograph—25,000 blue and snow geese only a hundred yards away. Something startled them and they swirled into the air, eddying against the dark bluffs like flakes of a wind-driven blizzard.

This was Missouri's Squaw Creek Federal Wildlife Refuge. I call it a refuge for people as well as wildlife. Not only does it harbor some 280 bird species and 34 mammal species, but it also has become one of the more open refuges in the nation for human visitors. Many refuges are almost closed to the general public. Not so Squaw Creek.

The 6,900-acre area is in northwest Missouri, near the small town of Mound City. It's about midway

between Kansas City and Omaha and is served by Interstate 29. The interstate runs at one edge of the refuge and doesn't conflict with the wildlife.

So impressed was I by the refuge on my first trip that I brought my entire family back the next weekend, a 200-mile drive, so we could bicycle through it. One of Squaw Creek's attractions is a 10-mile auto-bike-hike road which takes visitors around every important scenic attraction. Wild geese are the major draw, though Squaw Creek has one of the country's largest wintering populations of bald eagles. I've always thought the wild goose is the very spirit of all that is untamed in nature. And a snow goose, etched against the harsh gray of a winter sky, crying his high-pitched lament, speaks of bleak tundra and wind-scarred rocks and is the soul of the far north that gives him birth.

Blue and snow geese are color

phases of the same bird. According to Jerry Nugent, the talented manager of Squaw Creek, the white snow geese slowly are being phased out by natural selection. Nugent is primarily responsible for the changes that have opened Squaw Creek to the public. He came to the refuge in August 1972, and began immediately to make the place more convenient for people as well as for the 200,000 geese and 300,000 ducks that stop there in the spring and fall.

Roads widened

Work included steps such as widening roads so visitors can pull off and watch the birds. Nugent even rescued a tattered old rail fence and located it down a scenic double row of scarred old cedar trees near the entrance to the marshes. There are self-guiding pamphlets at area headquarters five miles south of Mound City on County Highway T.

Nugent's philosophy is to provide an opportunity for people to see and enjoy wildlife as much as is possible without interference with the refuge concept. It works. Cars line the edge of the marsh while thousands of geese mill and gabble only a few yards away. A wheeling eagle overhead causes far more consternation among the birds than the chatter of tourists.

We were one of two bike groups using the refuge the day I took my family. A college group was back-

packing the loessian bluffs and a scout group was having a weekend outing. Autos are restricted to the major roads, but many secondary trails are open to foot traffic. Sometimes those byways are the most exciting to travel, since deer frequently stay just out of sight of the main road. But anyone traveling the roads early in the morning is almost certain to see deer on the refuge.

First migratory arrivals are white pelicans, thousands of them, that come in September and usually are gone by October when the blue and snow geese pour in. Peak eagle population is in November.

Nearby, Big Lake State Park offers camping on 111 acres on an old Missouri River oxbow which is Missouri's largest natural lake. The park has a good dining lodge.

Hunting around Squaw Creek is a major activity, but virtually all is private-club-operated and is closed to visitors. The refuge is closed to hunting.

The loessial hills themselves are a fascinating geological phenomenon, unlike anything else in Missouri. Formed by windblown soil and shaped by glaciers, they are tumbled, tortured monuments to pre-history. Lookout Point, a good spot from which to see Squaw Creek at a glance, is about 250 feet higher than the marshes and from it you can see the entire refuge fanning out to the distant Missouri River and Nebraska beyond.

The refuge is a place of endless fascination, from its summertime massasauga rattlesnakes to its wintertime eagles. One of our party saw 11 deer in a small patch of woods. I saw fresh tracks big enough that I wasn't sure I wanted to meet the owner. A covey of quail burst from the ditch beside my bicycle, nearly causing heart stoppage.

We walked one foot trail along the edge of a flooded field which was rank with tall marsh plants. Flocks of mallards burst from hiding with every step we took. There must have been several thousand in the small field.

Children awed

It gave me considerable pleasure to watch my children being awed by it all. I happen to believe that such outings furnish exercise for both the body and soul. J. B. (7) and Eddie (6) rode eight miles and then clambered up the bluffs like mountain goats. They stopped for a moment in a waving field of big bluestem, caught by the sight of a bee or a seed head or some little miracle of nature.

The best time to visit Squaw Creek is October, a month of magic in Missouri. Generally October 20 is the peak of fall color in Missouri. Days are warm, nights cool. Normally there is a lot of sunshine. We bicycled through the refuge on a sunny day, enjoying the sharp white of the geese against

the blue of the sky. I had built a bike rack to fit atop our station wagon and, although the sight of four bikes upside down caused some double-takes along the way, we carried them without incident.

We reached the back side of the refuge, already beginning to be tired and with the long ride back to headquarters still ahead. But the autumn sun was warm and we leaned on the handlebars and let the surroundings soak in. No one talked. We watched a bald eagle soaring in great arcs. In another part of the sky, a red-tailed hawk rode air currents.

Then we heard the far-off yelping of the geese and saw them as thin, ragged lines in the distance, returning to the refuge after feeding in some distant field. The sound grew as the endless geese yelped excited gossip about tundras and unimaginable cold weather and other wild things that city slickers know not. We were stirred by it and awed to think that these birds had come all this way to this spot—not to entertain us, certainly, though they did.

The geese circled and milled and began to lose altitude, always talking, and I don't think any of us failed to feel a kinship with the birds, an affinity for the mysterious and complex patterns of nature.

Squaw Creek was their refuge, but, considering the sense of peace and contentment that we gained there, I think it was ours, too. □



Circus in Town 365 Days a Year—Circus World Park in central Florida presents an original, live-talent musical fantasy, “The Day the Circus Comes to Town,” four times a day, 365 days a year. The show captures the nostalgia, excitement and romance of a circus in small-town America of the 1930s. Elsewhere in the park, separate theatres present a magician’s show, a circus film and a Participation Circus where visitors can try their own skills at acrobatics and high-wire acts, protected by safety harness and net. Circus World is 12 miles west of Disney World, at I-4 and U.S. 27. The adult admission of \$5.20 (\$2.60 for ages 5 to 12, under 5 free) includes everything but food. Open 10 a.m. to sundown.

Enjoy Vermont on a Bicycle—Vermont Bicycle Touring (VBT) offers package tours covering the entire state through October 30. The cost (\$72 for a weekend; \$170 for five days) includes lodging, breakfasts, dinners, gratuities and taxes. Bring your own bicycle or rent one from VBT. For a free tour brochure, write VBT at R.D. 2R, Bristol, Vermont 05443.

Breathtaking Views from Toronto—The 1,815-foot CN Tower of Toronto, the world’s tallest free-standing structure, on clear days provides up to a 100-mile panoramic view including Lakes Erie and Ontario, Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Four glass-enclosed exterior elevators whisk visitors upward on a minute-long journey to the Skypod’s indoor and outdoor observation platform at 1,150 feet, then a separate interior elevator carries the adventurous another 400 feet to the Space Deck. Completed last year by the Canadian National Railway as a communications aid for TV and radio, the tower also includes a 416-seat revolving dining room at the Skypod level. Admission to the CN Tower is \$2.75 for adults, \$1.50 for children and \$1 additional per person for the trip from Skypod to Space Deck. Hours are daily from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Eat Out and Lose Weight—Stay on your diet while eating out with the help of the new slender *Fast-Food Restaurant Diet Book*. Calorie, carbohydrate, protein and fat counts are listed for nearly 2,000 menu items commonly carried at 50,000 restaurants representing 21 national fast-food chains. Send \$3 to American Information Products, 11053 Moorpark Street, Suite #2, Department FT, North Hollywood, California 91602.

FORD'S

Family of Small Engines and the Cars They Power

by Michael E. Maattala

FORD IS BIG in small engines with an impressive lineup of four- and six-cylinder powerplants. If you're a four-cylinder fan, Ford has two available: the 1.6-litre and the 2.3-litre. For buyers who are partial to six cylinders, there are three engines to choose from—the 2.8-litre, the 3.3-litre (200-CID), and the 4.1-litre (250-CID).

Leading the lineup in fuel economy is the 1.6-litre. It teams with a fully synchronized four-speed manual transaxle to power the exciting new Fiesta (see article on page 16). With this powerteam, Fiesta received Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) estimates of 46 miles per gallon on the highway cycle and 34 miles per gallon on the city cycle. California results are lower. Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits,

*Left: Mustang II T-RooF Convertible.
Below: Pinto three-door Runabout with
optional Exterior Decor Group*



your car's condition and options.

The 2.3-litre is standard on all Pinto and Mustang II models except the Mach 1. Ford's spirited 2.8-litre V-6 is the standard powerplant for the Mach 1 and is optional on Pinto and the other Mustang II models.

Maverick and Granada come equipped with Ford's dependable 3.3-litre (200-CID) engine. And for buyers who are interested in more power with the same dependability, both cars are available with the optional 4.1 litre (250-CID).

Models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Exterior Decor Group, vinyl roof, white-sidewall tires, Deluxe Bumper Group, Sports Coupe Option, dual sport mirrors, no-cost front spoiler, T-Roof Convertible, forged aluminum wheels, Sport Group and rear window wiper/washer. □

Above right: Ford's new Fiesta. Right: Maverick four-door sedan. Below: Granada two-door Sports Coupe







A Dog Is a Fisherman's Best Friend

by Edwin P. Hicks

illustrations by William Barss

THERE they were, a man and his wife, and their little black dog, passing by in the middle of the lake. I waved at them from my innertube float, and they waved back—that is, the man and his wife did. The little black dog cocked his head to one side and winked at me. Of course the distance was too great for me actually to see the dog wink, but I could tell from the cant of his

head that was what he did. We were old acquaintances by now.

I had a friendly feeling for the couple in the boat because week after week when Saturday rolled around they fished the little lake the same as I—keeping a respectable distance from me, never crowding in on my fishing area, which told me they were fine people. Chances are I wouldn't



have identified them, if it hadn't been for the dog. Always they had little Blackie with them. Sometimes I could just see his head over the side of the boat as he caught spray on his muzzle. Other times he would have his front paws on the bow seat, in a sort of Washington-crossing-the-Delaware pose.

Dog constant companion

Another couple, whom I know well and who are getting along in years, fish as much as I do, which is at least once a week, 9 or 10 months in the year, and their small, tan dog always accompanies them,

barking excitedly whenever his master or mistress boats a fish.

Most people don't know it, but the average dog enjoys going fishing almost as much as he does going hunting. Recently as my buddy and I put into shore after a day's fishing, we encountered a medium-size dog at the edge of the water. He was baying out toward the lake. I spoke to him kindly, but he turned from me. His eyes were fastened on a distant boat, where his folks were fishing. From time to time as we loaded things in the car, the dog would run back and forth on the lake shore, alternately whining and

moaning, and now and then plunging into the water to swim out a short distance, then turn back to the bank. It was pitiful! The thoughtless owners could have taken the dog along with them. He would have required only a couple of square feet of boat space, and he would have been happy.

Years ago my hunting dog was a fox terrier named Jean. Believe it or not, he was an excellent quail dog. He never ranged too far from me, and I could tell when quail were near by the quick wigwagging of his tail. Then one late fall day, he suddenly started digging in the soft earth of a corn row and came up with a terrapin! The rest of the day he amused himself digging up terrapins. After that, he was half quail dog, half terrapin dog.

Years ago I owned a white spitz, which must have had a strain of bird dog in his ancestry somewhere because he also was an excellent quail dog. I hunted with him every winter, and although he wouldn't stand on the birds, his excitement always told me when a covey was about to take wing. The spitz wouldn't retrieve unless a downed quail fell across water. Then he would plunge in, swim across to the bird, pick it up and swim back with it, depositing it at my feet. All of this he did on his own initiative because I am a dog spoiler, not a dog trainer.

But my story is the spitz' adventures as an angler. I was living in

Fayetteville, Arkansas, at the time, and my job permitted me to go fishing almost every summer afternoon. Always I would take Jack Frost, that was his name, fishing with me.

I would wade along in the West Fork of White River south of town, and Jack Frost would follow along usually behind me. Sometimes I would turn, and the little fellow, a regular water dog, would be creeping along in the edge of the water, apparently imitating the way I was stalking the bass with my fly rod.

Sometimes it can get lonely even for an enthusiastic angler, out there on the stream all by himself. It was pleasant to have the company of my little white dog. Frequently a familiar whiff would reach Jack Frost's nostrils, and he would dash out along the bank ahead of me, and there would come the thunder of bobwhite wings. Or he would run a squirrel up a tree, or dash after a cottontail. More than once he would send bullfrogs plunking into the water—and several times a water moccasin off the bank and into the pool just ahead of me. This last was not the most pleasant experience for me, but I never scolded him for it. He was having a heck of a lot of fun, and I figured the outdoors and all its creatures, the smells, the water and the warm sunshine were just as much Jack Frost's as they were mine.

The second season we fished together, Jack Frost and I, in upper White River and the other moun-

tain streams near Fayetteville, the spitz developed a surprising habit. The first time it happened was on the Osage, a fast-flowing little river several miles northwest of town. I cast a fuzzy surface bug over near the opposite bank of a small round hole, and a two-pound smallmouth bass took it, exploding on the surface. There was a white streak beside me, and Jack Frost was in the water and fighting the bass with his mouth! I horsed the catch in, fearful that my dog would get caught on the hook.

Jack Frost goes for fish

Another bass took the lure in the next hole, and in went Jack Frost! This time he caused me to lose the fish. I said a few unprintable words at the time, but they had no more effect upon the spitz than the water he shook off his back. He was laughing all over his face and was more excited than I was. From then on he was my partner on every bass I hooked. Whether I landed the fish or not, Jack Frost participated physically in every catch. Sometimes Evelyn, my wife, went fishing with me. On those occasions, Jack bestowed his entire attention on her and went for every bass she caught.

There was a peculiar thing, too. Jack Frost was strictly a bass dog. Whenever either of us hooked a perch, which we did often enough on our fly rods, he let us land the catch ourselves. No perch could

rouse him into action—not even the largest goggle eye. As we put the perch on our stringer, Jack would look on indifferently. Once, Evelyn said, she caught him yawning as she brought in a perch.

There came a summer drought. The White River, high up in the mountain area around Fayetteville, dried up to a mere trickle. One hot, dry afternoon I hadn't been able to get anything to strike—not even a three-inch sun perch. The river water, what there was of it, was hot and smelled of mud.

Jack Frost followed quietly behind me for a time, then would run on ahead, dig a nice cool hole in some shady spot, and doze until I caught up with him. Finally, as I turned around to head back to the car, he dashed ahead, glad to be starting home. Fifty yards ahead of me, I saw him go into the water. There followed a splashing commotion in the shallow pool. I hurried that way, to find that Jack Frost had beached a foot-long bull-nose sucker. I picked up the fish and patted the prancing Jack Frost on the head. It was the only catch we had had all day! Farther down the pool, when Jack wasn't looking, I released the sucker into the water.

Dogs are made for the outdoors 12 months of the year—in fishing season as well as hunting season. Take your pet fishing with you next time. He will have a lot of fun, and you'll get an extra bonus out of the trip □



Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary in June 1978, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "Pringle's Pride," by Sidney Brody, is the fourth in our series. It appeared in the issue of July 1972.



Pringle's Pride

by Sidney Brody

It was obvious from the first day of school that I would be competing with the internal combustion engine for the mind and soul of Paul Pringle. Paul swaggered into my first-period English class, exuding a strong aroma of gasoline. His hands and forearms were smudged with grease, and a stained toothpick dangled carelessly from his lips. He was 20 minutes late, thus establishing a precedent for punctual tardiness that he was to maintain for the rest of the year.

"You must be Paul Pringle," I said, surveying my roster.

Paul nodded and slumped his angular frame into a seat by the window. He turned to acknowledge the greetings of his buddies in the room.

"Why are you 20 minutes late?" I asked.

"Camshaft," said Paul.

"See that it doesn't happen again," I said, handing Paul a sheet of composition paper. "Your first assignment will be a short autobiography. Get out your pen and begin writing."

Paul rummaged through his pockets, from which he drew a tire gauge, a spark-plug gapper and a rotor button. "I don't got no pen," he confessed.

"I don't got no pen!" I flared. "What kind of English is that? Make sure you come on time tomorrow—with pen and paper. Is that clear?"

Paul shrugged. "OK, Ace, OK."

"And get rid of that toothpick."

He put the toothpick in his pocket. "OK, Ace."

"And don't call me Ace."

"OK. OK."

At the risk of taxing the reader's credulity, I am compelled to report that the subject of Paul's autobiography was his car, a souped-up fiery-red Mustang with PRINGLE'S PRIDE stenciled on each door. My initial reaction was that Paul was playing word games, and I was tempted to lecture him on the evils of sarcasm. As it turned out, Paul's affection for Pringle's Pride surpassed even Don Quixote's for his horse, Rocinante. The Mustang became the hero of all subsequent compositions, playing the leading role in such diverse themes as "My Favorite Hobby," "My Narrowest Escape," and "My Most Unforgettable Character."

Paul's chronic tardiness seldom grew out of anything as commonplace as a flat tire or leaky gas tank. It ranged into the highly mystical areas of manifold gaskets, universal joints and

distributor caps. Paul looked with contempt at parts of speech, though he was a wizard at parts of cars. I am so mechanically inept that I need help in changing flashlight batteries, so Paul sensed quickly that he was negotiating from a position of strength.



One morning he breezed in at the usual 20 minutes past the bell, with his arms grease-smeared and with the customary toothpick in his mouth. I motioned him to my desk, made him remove the toothpick, and asked the routine question, "Paul, why are you late?"

"Intake valve," he whispered. "It was stuck."

"Wasn't that the same trouble you had yesterday?"

Paul stared at me in disbelief. "Yesterday it was the generator brushes. C'mon, Ace, you remember." He nudged me playfully.

I gave Paul his assignment, a brief summary of "The Killers." He pleaded that it was too far along in the period to begin such an important assignment and that he would be at a distinct disadvantage, but I insisted that he get started anyway.

"Can I wash my hands? They're greasy."

"Absolutely not," I replied firmly.

"C'mon, Ace, you want I should fail English?"

"No, I don't want you should—I don't want you to fail

English. And stop calling me Ace."

"I'll hand in a composition with grease marks on it. I'll fail English and not graduate. Then you'll be satisfied."

I felt like a heel. "All right, Paul, go wash your hands."

By the time Paul returned to the classroom, three minutes remained until the bell. He held his hands high to show how clean they were. Then, after borrowing a sheet of paper from Marion Hough and a pen from Donna Blair, he began concentrating on his assignment. At the bell, he turned in his paper and winked to reassure me of his good intentions. His paper was blank, except for the first two letters of his name, printed at the top.

Paul hated school with a passion. He would have quit long ago if his father had not issued an ultimatum: Stay in school or give up Pringle's Pride. As a concession to his teachers, Paul kept all matters academic in his Mustang, but they were generally buried in the trunk, where they would not be seen by his drag-strip cohorts and possibly strain his rapport with them. Paul's willingness to traffic in educational enterprise was directly proportionate to the distance he parked the Mustang from school each day.

One morning I notified the first-period class that they were scheduled to take an intelligence test the following day. I stressed the importance of being on time and told them to be sure to bring pencils, because the exams would be corrected by machine and must, therefore, be done in pencil.

Next day I passed out the test papers, read the instructions and signaled the class to begin. All fell immediately into a state of deep concentration. All, that is, except Paul, who stared at me, wagging his toothpick nervously. I waved him to my desk.

"What's wrong now?" I asked.

"It's gotta be in pencil, Ace?"

"It must be in pencil," I replied heatedly. "And don't call me Ace. And get rid of that toothpick."

He threw the toothpick into the wastebasket. "Will you trade a pencil for a pen?"

Anyone but Paul would have felt my wrath at his failure to bring proper equipment. I regarded Paul's possession of any writing implement as moral triumph, however, and reached into my desk for a pencil. I handed it to Paul, who immediately turned to the class, "Who'll lend me a pen?" he boomed.

The incident unnerved me considerably and forced me to schedule an after-school consultation with Paul. I reminded him that the end of the school year was approaching and that he was in danger of failing English unless he revised his priorities and berthed the Mustang.

In the final weeks, Paul made a desperate attempt to improve. He kicked the toothpick habit and stopped calling me Ace. He brought pen and pencil to class every day, though the humiliation of carrying a notebook was still too great. I had issued a stern edict against borrowing supplies from classmates, so Paul's substitutes for composition paper became varied and unique. One day he wrote a character study of Albert Schweitzer on the back of a Dover drag-race program. On another occasion, he paraphrased the poem "Invictus" along the margin of a bill for a tail-pipe assembly.

It was the final exam, though, that turned the tide in Paul's favor. He scored miserably in spelling, vocabulary and punctuation, but his mark in parts of speech saved the day and nailed down the diploma. Asked to give five examples of proper nouns, Paul listed the following: God, George Washington, Albert Schweitzer, Mr. Brody, Pringle's Pride.

Cast in such distinguished company, who could fail him?





Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



painting by Robert E. Lee

**PADRE ISLAND
BEACH HOTEL
PADRE ISLAND, TEXAS**

In the area of the Padre Island National Seashore and the King Ranch, this hotel on the Gulf of Mexico has complete vacation facilities and an excellent dining room, The Veranda. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; overnight accommodations. Fishing trips daily. Reservations advisable. From Corpus Christi, go south on Padre Island Drive to the island.

**MARSHLANDS INN
SACKVILLE
NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA**

This inn was built in the early 1850s by William Crane for his daughter whose portrait hangs in the hall. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served daily; overnight accommodations. Reservations necessary. The address is 73 Bridge Street. Take the first or second exit from the TransCanada Highway; signs then indicate direction to the inn. Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Read are the owner-managers.

RHUBARB PUNCH

Make rhubarb juice by boiling fresh garden rhubarb in water to cover, for about half an hour. Strain through cheesecloth. Measure juice, then add 1 cup white sugar for each cup of juice. Boil gently to a thick syrup. Use a candy thermometer to keep temperature at

Then turn left on Windward Drive to the Gulf.

CHEF BRIKOWSKI'S SEAFOOD SALAD

2 pounds Alaska crabmeat
8-ounce can chunk pineapple
4-ounce can sliced, cooked mushrooms
1 cup mayonnaise
½ lemon, juice
2 tablespoons horseradish
3 tablespoons sugar

Cube crabmeat, add drained pineapple and mushrooms. Add remaining ingredients. Serve with starred tomato and boiled egg slices. Serves 6.

210° to 215°. Bottle and keep cool. A few drops of red color may be added if rhubarb is not red. To serve fill a short glass one-third full of chilled syrup and add club soda to the top. Stir to mix. Vodka may also be added, if desired.

BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES

Mix 2 cups buckwheat, ¾ cup all-purpose flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Add about 4 cups of buttermilk and mix thoroughly to a smooth batter. Let stand overnight. When ready to serve, add 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in a little warm water, to half of the batter. (Refrigerate remaining batter until needed.) To this half of the batter, also add enough buttermilk so that batter will pour readily. Use fat pork to grease the griddle. Set heat at 360°. Half of batter makes about 18 4- to 5-inch pancakes. Serve with maple syrup and butter.

painting by Bruce Bond



painting by Larry Murtry

SAN CLEMENTE INN SAN CLEMENTE, CALIFORNIA

Located midway between Los Angeles and San Diego, this delightful inn offers visitors access to all of the major attractions of two metropolitan areas within an hour's drive. The main dining room opens onto a glass-enclosed sun balcony overlooking the Pacific. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served; overnight accommodations. Reservations advised. The address is 125 Avenida Esplandian.

CHICKEN JERUSALEM

Wash and disjoint a 2½-pound frying chicken, discarding ribs and as many bones as possible. Cut off wing tips and leg knuckles. Salt and pepper lightly. In a sauté pan, add 3 tablespoons oil or clarified butter and place on medium heat.

TERRITORI HOUSE OTISCO, MINNESOTA

Don and Ele Joachim, the owners, converted an 1890 creamery into this supper club with two dining rooms and an entertainment lounge. It is six miles south of Waseca, Minnesota, off State Highway 13 in Otisco. It is open six days a week, Tuesday through Sunday. Dinner only served on weekdays; Sunday brunch and dinner served. Reservations advisable.

MEATBALL SOUP

1 pound ground beef
1 egg

When oil is hot, place chicken pieces, skin side down, in pan and let fry until golden brown, about 10-15 minutes. Add 8 medium-size raw mushroom caps, turn chicken over and cook for 5-6 minutes. Add 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion and 1 teaspoon chopped garlic or shallot. Shake pan so that onion and shallot will be in oil. When chicken is light brown on both sides, drain oil and add 1 cup dry sauterne or chablis. Let simmer with cover on until wine is almost completely reduced. Add enough rich cream sauce, about 2 cups, to cover chicken. Add 1 tablespoon sliced water chestnuts and 6 small canned artichoke hearts. Simmer for 5 minutes. Serve with 4 cups hot buttered rice or spaghetti. Top chicken with 2 tablespoons salted, toasted almonds. Makes 4 portions.

1 cup sliced celery
½ cup sliced carrots
4 cups beef bouillon
½ cup sliced onion
1 No. 2 can whole potatoes
1 cup diced tomatoes
Salt and pepper, to taste

Mix ground beef with egg and season to taste. Make meat into small balls and bake in a slow oven at 350° for 12 minutes. Sauté the vegetables in a little butter, slowly for five minutes, then combine with cooked meatballs. Add to bouillon and simmer for 20-30 minutes. Season with salt, pepper and a little garlic. Makes 4 portions.

painting by Arthur Shilstone

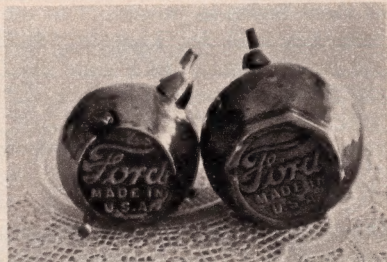
Letters Letters Letters

Facts About a Fairlane

Dear Sirs: After reading the Letters section in the February 1977 FORD TIMES, I felt I should relate my experiences with Ford automobiles. In 1965, I bought a new Fairlane 500 station wagon with a 289 CID engine with overdrive. Using the car mostly for pleasure, I proceeded

to pile up many trouble-free miles. At 166,000 miles, a valve job was done. In the fall of 1975, at 330,000 miles, the engine was overhauled for the first time. The cylinder walls were worn only .003 inches. Quite astonishing for that number of miles. In February 1976, I sold the car with 346,000 miles. The purchaser has driven the car 80 miles to work every day since then. In March 1976, I took delivery of a 1976 Granada and have proceeded to log 52,000 miles to date.

Al Hurbi
Valley, Washington



Tea pots from Ford hub caps: side view (left) and bottoms

Tea for Two

Dear Sirs: Enclosed are pictures of two tea pots made out of brass hub caps from early-1900 Ford cars. The tea pots were made by Mr. Isral Lindblad, who, as a young boy in the early 1870s, immigrated to Topeka, Kansas, from Sweden with his parents. He became an expert coppersmith and worked on

the dome and other ornamental copper work in Topeka's capitol. In 1925, I obtained the tea pots and some copper pieces from Mr. Lindblad, who was a very close friend of my father's, and have enjoyed them as keepsakes ever since.

Paul E. Thorson
San Bernardino, California



Free Wheeling Courier

'77 FORD COURIER A tough new way to go truckin'..

The all-new Courier is coming on strong. A tough machine offering:

1. Unbeatable gas mileage. 41/28 mpg. Based on EPA estimates, no other pickup in America gets better gas mileage ratings. With the 1.8 litre engine and optional 5-spd. trans., the EPA estimates 41 mpg hwy., 28 city. (Slightly lower in Calif.) Your mileage may vary due to how and where you drive, truck's condition, and optional equipment.

2. The biggest engine in its class. Courier's optional 2.3 litre engine is the largest engine available in any compact pickup.

3. All-new interiors. And for '77, Ford offers you an industry exclusive: The Free Wheeling Courier option, everything from Accent Tape Stripes to Cast Styled Aluminum Wheels.



When America needs
a better idea,
Ford puts it on wheels.



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